

My Dog Rice

We all have something we love like your families, friend, food, eat and I have something I love and that is my dog Rice. Rice has been with us since I was born. I'm ten years old I'm turning eleven this year and also Rice's birthday is this year although I'm not sure how old he is. Rice goes everywhere I go. When I go to the restroom, he always waits at the door for me to get out. I feel bad sometimes because when I go to school my mom says that he waits in my room howling, but at the end, when I get home, he always gives me kisses and I give him kisses. Today, I'm walking to the park with Rice we're going to see if we can find Rice a girlfriend, because the park where going to is a dog park and plus there's a lot of dogs there. We get to the park and we meet other dogs, but then Rice spots this dog. She was pretty. Rice went to go say hi to her, but then this other dog showed up. This other dog started to play with her and Rice was getting jealous, so Rice did what he had to do... he fought with the other dog. The other dog started to run away, and Rice was chasing him. Rice was dragging me by the leash. He went too fast, so I let go. We had to stop Rice. It took us 10 minutes to get him and when we got him, everyone was gone, and it started to rain. By the time we got home we were soaking wet. I took a bath and when I got out, I drank some coffee my mom made me. I went to my mom and asked her, "Am I going to go to summer camp this year?" My mom stopped cutting the food she was making, turned her head and said, "I guess so." Every year I go to this summer camp and its really fun there. Rice heard what I said and started to bark. I told him to calm down. Rice doesn't like me going away cause he's always by my side and always watches me. Today was the last day of school. When I got home, I started packing. Rice was sitting down on my bed watching

me. I leave tomorrow. I'm leaving on a bus. It takes about 2 hours to get to the camp. It was time for me to go to bed. Rice jumped on my bed and I hugged him and talked to him, so he would go to sleep. The next morning, I woke up, got ready, grabbed my bags, and said goodbye to everyone. It was hard for me to leave, because Rice wouldn't let go of me. I made it to the camp. It was fun, especially the last day of camp, but I was kind of worried because I got letters from my mom saying that Rice has been sick. I was happy when I got to go home. When I got there, I put my bags down and hugged Rice. I could tell he wasn't good at all. It was getting dark, so I got ready to go to bed. I helped Rice to get onto my bed with me and Rice fell asleep. I woke up when it was still dark, and I heard Rice howling. I was getting scared, so I called my parents. I was crying they told me that Rice was dying. I couldn't do anything about it. I loved that dog so much. I wasn't ready to let him go. It so happened that Rice died that night of my birthday. I was heartbroken, but it was time. We had so much fun together, but it was just time.